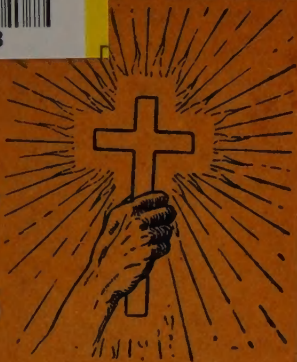




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The Fiery Cross



By

John Orenham

Author of

"BEES IN AMBER," "ALL'S WELL!" etc

"The Fiery Cross is speeding forth
To the purging of men's lives;
Christ bears it through the troubled earth
To quicken Life to nobler birth,
To break the ancient gyves,"—

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SOME VERSE FOR TO-DAY
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JOHN OXENHAM'S NOVELS

GOD'S PRISONER
RISING FORTUNES
OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE
A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY
JOHN OF GERISAU
UNDER THE IRON FLAIL
BONDMAN FREE
MR. JOSEPH SCORER
BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU
A WEAVER OF WEBS
HEARTS IN EXILE
THE GATE OF THE DESERT
WHITE FIRE
GIANT CIRCUMSTANCE
PROFIT AND LOSS
THE LONG ROAD
CARETTE OF SARK
PEARL OF PEARL ISLAND
THE SONG OF HYACINTH
MY LADY OF SHADOWS
GREAT-HEART GILLIAN
A MAID OF THE SILVER SEA
LAURISTONS
THE COIL OF CARNE
THEIR HIGH ADVENTURE
QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS
MR. CHERRY
THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
MARY ALL-ALONE
RED WRATH
MAID OF THE MIST
BROKEN SHACKLES
FLOWER OF THE DUST
CORNER ISLAND
MY LADY OF THE MOOR
"1914"

VERSE

BEES IN AMBER. 203rd Thousand
"ALL'S WELL!" 175th Thousand
THE KING'S HIGH WAY. 105th Thousand
THE VISION SPLENDID. 60th Thousand
WHITE KNIGHTS. 800th Thousand
HYMN FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT
6th Million

TO
ALL
WHO FEEL THE VITAL NEED
FOR
A RETURN TO GOD
AND
A HIGHER SPIRITUAL LIFE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS DEDICATED
IN PRAYERFUL HOPE

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by John Oxenham

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FOREWORD

THINGS spiritual—the Master Things—the only things which in the end really count, have of late years been sadly outpaced by things material. The servants have outrun their Master. We are paying for it in suffering such as the world has never known.

Life, the world over, forging swiftly ahead in all material matters, has been losing sight of those higher claims of the All-Giver, without due recognition of which all other gain is as dust of the balances.

To use a trite but expressive phrase,—“First things first” has not of late years been the rule of life—but instead, second things, third things, tenth things—ay, and still worse things which had no right whatever even to exist.

More has been done to improve Life's bodily conditions than ever before, though still there was much that was left undone. But tending the body and neglecting the soul is but decking a dying man with flowers,—pandering to the servant, neglecting the Master.

A complete re-adjustment of values and of vision is needed—and is needed NOW—AT ONCE. How is it to come? Who will bring it about?

In olden times, when danger threatened, the Scottish clansmen sped the call to arms over hill and moor by the Fiery Cross,—two charred sticks dipped in blood. And every man answered that call instantly and to the full, for his life and all he held dear were at stake.

We have seen Life ravished by fire and drenched with blood. Do we need a still fierier cross than this fierce red flame of War?

If the world answers The Call, it shall be well with it. If it does not . . . Then God have mercy upon us, for we shall deserve to the full all that will most assuredly befall us.

God never lacks men when His time is full-ripe. If this little book quickens one soul to readiness for The Call when it comes it will not have failed of its object. May it serve His purpose!

JOHN OXENHAM

A Little Prayer

*Where'er thou be,
On land or sea,
Or in the air,
This little prayer
I pray for thee,—
God keep thee ever,
Day and night,—
Face to the light,—
Thine armour bright,—
Thy 'scutcheon white,—
That no despight
Thine honour smite !—
With infinite
Sweet oversight,
God keep thee ever,
Heart's delight !—
And guard thee whole,
Sweet body, soul,
And spirit high ;
That, live or die,
Thou glorify
His Majesty ;
And ever be,
Within His sight,
His true and upright,
Sweet and stainless,
Pure and sinless,
Perfect Knight !*

The Fiery Cross

THE wayward world has nailed itself
On its own cross of woe ;
With its own hands it hewed the wood,
It dyed the rood with its own blood,
And then, with vicious blow,
Drove home the nails that it had cast,
Through its own flesh, and made them
fast ;
It dug the pit below.

But every cross new meaning holds,
Since such sweet virtue came
Of Calvary ; and though mankind
Still wanders graceless, deaf and blind
To his own bitter shame,
Yet, by God's grace, he shall arise
From this dread cross of sacrifice
To set all Life aflame.

For—

The Fiery Cross is speeding forth
To the purging of men's lives.
Christ bears it through the troubled
earth,
To quicken Life to nobler birth,

To break the ancient gyves ;
His love flames in the Fiery Cross,
Sorting the pure gold from the dross,
And from their sin men shrives.

Speed on, speed on, the Fiery Cross
For the kindling of men's souls !
The Powers of Ill have had their day,
They broke Life on the rough red way,
They levied bitter tolls.
But now God's torch is blazing bright,
Wrong lies beneath the heel of Right,
And men seek nobler goals.

To whom shall the World henceforth Belong ?

*To whom shall the world henceforth belong,
And who shall go up and possess it ?*

To the Great-Hearts—the Strong
Who will suffer no wrong,
And where they find evil redress it.

—To the Men of Bold Sight,
Whose souls, seised of Light,
Found a work to be done and have
done it.

—To the Valiant who fought
For a soul-lifting thought,
Saw the fight to be won and have won
it.

—To the Men of Great Mind
Set on lifting their kind,
Who, regardless of danger, will do it.

—To the Men of Goodwill,
Who would cure all Life's ill,
And whose passion for peace will ensue
it.

—To the Men who will bear
Their full share of Life's care,
And will rest not till wrongs be all
righted.

—To the Stalwarts who toil
'Mid the seas of turmoil,
Till the Haven of Safety be sighted.

—To the Men of Good Fame
Who everything claim—
This world and the next—in their Master's
great name ;—

—To these shall the world henceforth
belong,
And they shall go up and possess it ;
Overmuch, overlong, has the world
suffered wrong,
We are here by God's help to redress it.

The Prayer Immortal

*"Thy Kingdom come,
Thy Will be done."*

NEVER since Time began
Has mortal man
Had sorer need to pray that prayer
immortal.

For ne'er before has Death's grim door
Its gaping portal flung so wide,
Nor man so gallantly defied
His menace, and so vastly died ;
Never has life so racked and tortured
been,

Nor earth such deadly exigencies seen.
And that full prayer of prayers
In its divine simplicities
Fills all the heights and depths
Of our necessities.
Granted in full it would bring Earth
To Heaven, and unto Life—new birth.

So—to your knees—
And, with your heart and soul, pray God
That wars may cease,
And earth, by His good will,
Through these rough ways, find peace !—

*"Thy Kingdom come !
And, as in heaven,
On earth Thy Will be done !"*

Great and Greater

WITHIN the great a greater still I see,—
Within this grim world-strife
The struggle of a menaced Life
With godless tyranny,—
The travail of a new-born Life
For its epiphany.

So, in this strife I see the greater strife,—
Man's soul at grips with Ill,
And presage of a nobler life
Close-wedded to Thy Will ;—
The coming of a sweeter life
Which nought on earth shall kill.

Within this great there still a greater is,
And he sets all things free,—
Death, the Emancipator is,
And, through this death-strife, we
Shall win the life that greater is,
And Life's security.

*Not on the flaming fields across the seas
Alone, this fight for God's supremacies,
But in the hearts of men throughout the
world*

*His banner is at last unfurled,
And from their thrones the Powers of Ill,
By the whole world's united will,
Are being hurled.*

A Little Te Deum for those who have Lost

For manly courage under grievous loss ;
For faith of woman bowed beneath her
 cross ;
For Hope that bravely glowed 'neath
 stormy skies ;
For Love that suffered untold agonies
With saintly fortitude, and, tempest-tost
And sore bestead, yet never lost
Her hold on God, and His high promises ;
For noble deeds as simple duty done,
In their Christlikeness known to God
 alone ;
For high heroic bearing under stress ;
For hearts that no ill-fortune could de-
 press ;
For every helpful word and kindly deed
That found occasion in its brother's need ;
For that Brute Force is from its saddle
 hurled,
And that the sword no more can rule the
 world ;
For growth of wisdom in this mire of war,
Which leaves Thee more than ever Con-
 queror ;
For that the world has found its soul
 again,
And set its heel upon this curse of Cain ;
For that Thy Justice is again restored,

And War as arbiter henceforth abhorred ;—
For that the dear lives were not given in
vain,—

Despite the anguish of our loss and pain,

We thank Thee, Lord !

We thank Thee, Lord !

Fidei Defensor

GONE !—in the unutterable splendour
Of your immortal youth !—

Gone—unto Him who made, and making,
gave you

Passion for Truth ;—

Made you heart-bold to brave the wroth
Of this world's evil ;—

Made you soul-strong to face the Devil,
And to suffer ruth,—

Yea—and in very sooth, that final ruth
Which yet shall give you back
Your here-lost youth.

Gone !—unto Him who, making, made of
you,

In all the glowing splendour of your
youth,

One more high-souled defender of His
Truth.

To your dear memory we render
Deepest soul-homage ;
And unto Him—unceasing praise !
To Him—of all men's souls
The Great All-Wise Dispenser,—
Unceasing praise, for you,—
Our Fidei Defensor !

The One Way Out—and Up

ONE thing, and one thing only shall avail
To lift the earth from out this sore travail
By folly wrought, and selfishness, and
sin ;—

One thing alone—and that within
Our compassing if but we will.
It rests with *us*, and good, or ill,
Shall be our lot as we ourselves destine.

“ CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL
SERVE ! ”—

GOD—or those other gods of your own
choosing,

Whom erst ye served to your souls'
bitter losing.

MAMMON OR GOD ? . . . ye cannot serve
them both.

That way ye tried, forsaking your God-
troth ;

And now . . . ye bear the ruth.

God waits,—has waited long—still waits ;
Each dawn His promise He reiterates,
And down the long dim corridors of Time
His word reverberates,—

“ CHOOSE YE THIS DAY ! ”

From our own wilful way
He calls us back,

And promises again this day

That no soul based on Him shall suffer
lack.

Here the Ways part,—

That climbing road

Leads up to God,

This easier way

Leads down to death,

And ruin, and decay.

“ CHOOSE YE THIS DAY ! ”—

And choose ye carefully,

For as ye now shall say

So shall it with you be

In that Great Day.

In Every Man

IN every soul of all mankind

Somewhat of Christ I find,

Somewhat of Christ—and thee ;

For in each one there surely dwells

That something which most surely spells

Life's immortality.

Beclouded oft, and oft obscure,
In peril oft of forfeiture,
And lost in many a plicature,
 Yet in each one there is
Such hope of soul-recoveries,
Such grace of soul-discoveries,
That in each life the seed there lies
 Of high immortal destinies.
And so, for love of Christ—and thee,
I will not cease to seek and find,
 In all mankind,
That hope of immortality
Which dwells so sacramentally
 In Christ—and thee.

Two Angels

Two angels walk the earth to-day,
Each bearing in his hand
The symbol of his ministry,
And does his Lord's command.
One bears a mighty two-edged sword,
And wounds Life to the death ;
The other bears Christ's holy chrism,
And the wounded comforteth.
So, side by side, they walk the earth
For the purging of men's souls ;
One gives, through Death, Life's nobler
 birth,
The other Life consoles.

Ceiled Houses

A MESSAGE FOR THESE TIMES

(Two thousand five hundred years ago Haggai delivered this message. It has been on the way ever since, and is as much needed to-day as it was then. Conditions alter. Facts and results unfortunately remain the same. The world must bear its load until it learns its lesson.)

"What are these ceiled houses?"

Asked the Prophet coldly,—

His eyes like smouldering fires,

And the people answered boldly,—

"These be our houses, Man of God,

The houses where we dwell."

"And these half-built walls?"

And they answered, timorous-boldly,—

"That is the Lord's house, waiting safer
times

To finish building. . . .

We have had so much to do . . .

Our flocks to tend, our crops to rear,

Our wives and little ones to guard and
cherish,

Our cities to repair,—

And all o'erburdened with the care

Of foes against us everywhere."

Then flamed the God within him,—

“Is this a time to hap yourselves in
comfort,

And the Lord’s house still unbuilt ?

THUS SAITH THE LORD,—

Consider now your ways !—

Hard you have toiled and builded—for
yourselves,

Each man of you has toiled and builded
—for himself ;

Early and late you toiled and builded—
for yourselves,

And yet you have not prospered.

Much have you sown—and yet have
little reaped,

Much have you eaten—but were
hungry still,

Much drunk—yet were not filled,

Much clothing worn—but yet were never
warm,

And that you earned you put in bags
with holes.

You looked for much, and little came
of it.—

And why ?—

Because of this Mine House left
desolate !

Hard have you toiled—but not for
ME ;—

Much have you cared—but not for ME ;

And so—because you left ME out of it,

Lo, I have blown upon your work

And brought it all to nought.
Consider now your ways !

Then did that people take God's word to
heart
And turned again to Him ;
And He abode with them and prospered
them.

AND UNTO US HE SAYS,—

Ay, you have built to Me most won-
drously,

But yet your hearts you tuured away
from Me,

And followed other gods.

And I have prospered you most
bounteously,

But yet your hearts you turned away
from Me,

And followed other gods.

Wealth, Pleasure, Power, Ease,—and
baser things,—

These were your gods.

And so I blew upon your work

And brought it low.

For I, God, am a jealous God ;

Yea, I am very jealous for your good.

Ye cannot serve these other gods and Me ;

Consider now your ways !

And choose this day whom ye will serve,

Your self-made gods or Me !

Here, There, and Everywhere

LILAC and laburnum blooming,
Full of Spring's immortal vigour,—

Big guns booming ; Hell shells spuming ;
Life still gripped with Death's fell rig-
our ;—

*Man proposes,—God disposes ;
Yet our hope in Him reposes
Who in war-time still makes roses.*

Bridal grace of pear and apple,
Summer snows from orchard trees,—

Sons of God in deathly grapple,
Life in direst agonies ;—

*Man proposes,—God disposes ;
Yet our hope in Him reposes
Who in war-time still makes roses.*

Chestnuts' sweet up-pointing spires,
On one tree a thousand churches,—

Crater-holes and hell's hot fires ;
Flaming hate God's fair face smirches ;—

*Man proposes,—God disposes ;
Yet our hope in Him reposes
Who in war-time still makes roses.*

Forget-me-not and pansy sweet,
Nestling all along the border,—

Death's raw bones the red drums beat,
God's fair world is in disorder ;—

*Man proposes,—God disposes ;
Yet our hope in Him reposes
Who in war-time still makes roses.*

Dandelion,—mayflower,—daisy,
Gemming every emerald meadow,—

Man's devices, crude and crazy,
Brought Life to this ambuscâdo,—

*Man proposes,—God disposes ;
Yet our hope in Him reposes
Who in war-time still makes roses.*

The Red Gate

SOME, by the dread Red Gate,
Have found their souls ;
All, soon or late,
Have reached their goals ;
All have found Life, though Fate
To some gave death,—which yet
Is but the Opened Gate
To Life Emancipate.

Just over the Hill and up Along

JUST over the hill, by the climbing way,
Is a place where all good travellers stay,—
Just over the hill and up along.

At the side of the road is a garden gate,
Which is always open, early and late,—
Just over the hill and up along.

And inside the gate is a House of Rest,
Where the Host will give you his very
best,—
Just over the hill and up along.

He will meet you and greet you with out-
stretched hand,
And, whatever your tongue, he will
understand,—
Just over the hill and up along.

You will find in the house a table spread
With a chalice of wine and Broken
Bread,—
Just over the hill and up along.

He will tell while you eat, and when you
have fed
He will put you to sleep in a restful
bed,—
Just over the hill and up along.

You will sleep full sweet ; you will dream
good dreams,
You will wake to the joy of the Morning
Beams,—
And then you will go in the strength of
the strong,
And press up and on with a glad good
song,
Right over the hill—and up along.

The Little House of Bread

O, LITTLE Home of Peace and Perfect
Calm,—
O, little, still, white, sacramental place,
Filled with the mystic effluence of His
grace,
Which makes of thee a healing and a
balm ;—
Happed in a hollow of the great moor's
breast,
Of undrest stone, with red-heart roses
drest,
Haven of rest for every soul sore pressed,
Thine own sweet soul of quietness pos-
sessed :—
God surely loves thee, little House of
Prayer,
Nor ever fails the soul that seeks Him
there ;

No matter what his sore predicament,
No matter what the burden of his pain,
No troubled soul has ever healing sought
But here he found divine medicament,—
Losing himself has won the greater gain,
And, by his giving, nobler treasure
bought.

Here in the silence you confess your sin,
And holy ministrants, unheard, unseen,
Beneath the red lamp softly whisper you
New hope,—no matter what the past has
been.

Here some have knelt before departing
hence
For the Red Fronts, and have upbuilt
been
With new-born Faith's most lofty con-
fidence,
To face the High Call of the Unfore-
seen :—
In weakness some, and some in penitence,
But all in highest, holiest reverence.

Here, in this altar book, are shrined the
names
Of those True Knights God-pledged to
purity,
Unceasing prayer their troth to honour
claims,
And from high heaven their souls'
security.

God surely loves thee, little House of
Bread,
For here the seeking soul to Him is led,
And on His Living Bread
The hungry soul is fed.

A Prayer for Enlargement

SHRIVE me of all my littleness and sin !
Open your great heart wide !
Open it wide and take me in,
For the sake of Christ who died !
Was I grown small and strait ?—
Then shalt thou make me wide.
Through the love of Christ who died,
Thou—thou shalt make me great.

Ex Tenebris

THE LAY OF THE KNIGHT WHO
ROSE AGAIN

TAKE away my rags !
Take away my sin !
Strip me all bare
Of that I did wear,—
The foul rags, the base rags,
The rude and the mean !
Strip me, yea, strip me
Right down to the skin !
Strip me all bare
Of that I have been !

Then wash me in water,
In fair running water,
Wash me without,
And wash me within,
In fair running water,
In fresh running water,
Wash me, ah wash me,
And make me all clean !
—Clean of the soilure
And clean of the sin,
—Clean of the soul-crushing
Sense of defilure,
—Clean of the old self
And clean of the sin !
In fair running water,
In fresh running water,
In sun-running water,
All sweet and all pure,
Wash me, ah wash me,
And I shall be clean !

And then—ah then
Clothe me again
In the garments of Light,
In the robes of Thy ruth,—
In Purity, Truth,—
In raiment all white
And whiter than light,
—In the raiment ensanguine
That outshines the Light,
—In garments washed clean
In the Grace Infinite !

Then vest me with armour,
And name me Thy Knight,
And gird me with Justice,
And arm me with Right !
And there in the battle
Of souls I will fight,
With the passionate zeal
Of a heart all contrite.
And I'll win Thee fair Kingdoms,
Many Kingdoms, great Kingdoms,—
Sweet Kingdoms of Light,
I will win from the Night,
To the Glory of God
And my Lord's high delight.

The Padre's Story

HE came to me in my small tent,
Quite late one night,—
The night before the red-hot Vimy fight,
And his concern was evident.

“ Padre,” he said,
Fey-eyed and anxiously,—
“ To-morrow we go in.
And I'm a coward, I'm afraid.
Yes, I'm afraid to die.
I've lived so light and carelessly, you see,
And now—perhaps Death waits for me
Just over there.

This time to-morrow I may lie there dead.
Can you say anything to buck me up
And make a man of me ?
Tell me about things. Tell me all ;—
Of death and after. If you can,
Fit me to meet the call
And play the man ! ”

I told him as I would a child,—
Of God,—and Christ—the Father’s love,—
The wondrous Father-Motherhood
That longs for all men’s good,—
Of the great joys above—the bliss
Of that new life for those
Who strive their best in this ;—
The simplest, highest things,—
To him, the greatest.
And he listened eagerly,
Fey-eyed and anxiously.

And then we knelt.
I said a little prayer,
Commending him to God ;
And as we knelt, I felt
God with us there, and new life in the boy.

“ Padre,” he said, when I had done,
“ The fear has gone.

I see it all.

Now I can face the call,
And if it’s death, my dying may atone
For some of those things I’d best not have
done.

God bless you, sir, you've made a man
Of me, and if I die I'll prove me one.
From all you say this doesn't end it all,
And now,
Through God and you, I'm strong to meet
the Call."

In the dim dawn they went,—
And some came back. . . .
Him everywhere I sought,
But found him not,
Nor any who could tell
What him befell.
But this I know,—
Whate'er his fate,
He did his duty,—
Died, if he died,
In the knowledge of God's beauty . . .
And the rest can wait.

Is it Well with the Lad?

"Is it well with the lad?"

.
It is well!

Yea, it—is—well!—

But for us who are left,

Heart-hungry, bruised of soul, bereft,—

Our branching hope at one stroke cleft

From off the parent tree,—

We hardly bear our discontent,
Or come to full acknowledgment
Of Love we deem omnipotent
Which yet can suffer patiently
Such things to be.

Yea, and although,
Deep in our hidden souls, we know
That with him all is well,—
That nothing we could e'er have done for
him
Can equal this which Death has won for
him,—
That nothing earth could e'er have given
to him
Can come anigh the joys of heaven to
him,—
Yet still, the mortal in us
Craves him mortally ;
And nought shall stay
That craving till, on some bright day,
We too shall slip the clinging clay
And find him there awaiting us
Upon the heavenly way.

Per Ardua ad Astra

LIFT me, O God, above myself,—
Above my highest spheres,
Above the thralling things of sense
To clearer atmospheres.

Lift me above the little things,—
My poor sufficiencies,
My perverse will, my lack of zeal,
My inefficiencies ;—

Above the earth-born need that gropes,
With foolish hankerings,
About earth's cumbered lower slopes
For earthly garnerings.

Above the vanities and cates
Of the Forbidden Land ;—
Above the passions and the hates
That flame there hand in hand.

Lift me, O God, above myself,
Above these lesser things,
Above my little gods of clay,
And all their capturings.

And grant my soul a glad new birth,
And fledge it strong new wings,
That it may soar above the earth
To nobler prosperings.

Lift me, O God, above myself,
That, in Thy time and day,
I somewhat grace Thy fosterings
And climb Thy loftier Way.

A Little Prayer for the Man in the Air

I NEVER hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep reverb'rant humming of a plane
Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,
Begging His care
For him who braves the dangers of the
air.

“ God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
Up there !
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain !
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again ! ”

I, too, have hostages with fortune up
above,
And what may come to you may come
to mine.
So, once again,—“ God speed you as
you rove !
Both you and mine to His care I consign.”

Over the Parapet

OVER the parapet and beyond,—
No Man's Land and Bloody Pond,—
Over the parapet at last,
Death and Life an equal cast,—
Over the parapet we climb,
Out of the stinking mud and slime,
Over—to life ; over—to death,—
Over and on while we have breath.
We have waited and waited for this
hour,

Sick of having to crawl and cower,
And now we'll show the Boches what
It means to tackle the Kiltie lot.
Over we go !—if we don't come back
It's because we've taken the longer
track,

That ends for all good soldier-men
In a better place, beyond our ken.
Over we go !—we have had the Call,—
We'll meet again, boys, one and all,
We'll meet somewhere and we'll meet
somewhen,

We will every one of us meet again ;
We will all keep tryst in what is beyond
No Man's Land and Bloody Pond.

Cock your Bonnets!

(Messines was the first fight the London Scottish, just out from home, had been in,—their baptism of fire, and a very hot one. They lost heavily but won through with honour. My own boy was then training in the 2nd Battalion. He came out with a draft to fill up the gaps a little later.)

It was after that black night
When we'd won our first bit fight,
In the shadow of the pump-mill at
Messines,
That a Brass-Head came and prattled
To us, feeling pretty rattled
With the things we'd done, and more
with what we'd seen ;
And he said,—

“ Boys,—keep your bodies clean !
Boys,—keep your billets clean !
Boys,—cock your bonnets !
And, for God's sake, smile ! ”

And it bucked us up tremendous,
For the Boche had tried to end us,
Though we'd given him double dose for
all we got ;
And we'd gone through our probation,
And we'd saved a situation,
And the Big Pot put his finger on the
spot ;—

With his,—

“ Boys,—keep your bodies clean !
Boys,—keep your billets clean !
Boys,—cock your bonnets !
And, for God’s sake, smile ! ”

So we pass it on to you chaps ;—
When you’re some fed up with new
scraps,
Just remember what that good old Brass-
Head said.

You will find it worth your trying,
Both while living and when dying,
And you’ll surely be the happier when
you’re dead,—

If you,—

Always keep your bodies clean,
Always keep your billets clean,
Always cock your bonnets,
And, for God’s sake, smile.

The Sacrament of Food

EACH meal should be a sacramental
feast,—

A Eucharist each breaking of the bread,
Wherein we meet again our Great High
Priest,

And pledge new troth to our exalted
Head.

For all we eat doth come of sacrifice,—
Life out of Death,—since all we eat must
yield

Life for our living,—and yet, nothing dies,
But in its giving finds its life fulfilled.

The wheat, the plant, the beast, and man,
all give

Each of their best, God's purpose to
maintain,

And all subserve the end for which all live,
And pass,—to live more worthily again.

[NOTE.—This appeared in *The Vision Splendid*, but
to keep these sacraments together it is reprinted here.]

The Sacrament of Fire

KNEEL always when you light a fire !
Kneel reverently, and thankful be
For God's unfailing charity,
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace
Of warmth and light !
For here again is sacrifice
For your delight.

Within the wood,
That lived a joyous life
Through sunny days and rainy days
And winter storms and strife ;—

Within the peat,
That drank the sweet,
The moorland sweet
Of bracken, whin, and sweet bell-heather,
And knew the joy of gold gorse feather
Flaming like Love in wintriest weather,—
While snug below, in sun and snow,
It heard the beat of the padding feet
Of foal and dam, and ewe and lamb,
And the stamp of old bell-wether ;—
Within the coal,
Where forests lie entombed,—
Oak, elm, and chestnut, beech, and red
 pine bole ;—
God shrined His sunshine, and enwombed
For you these stores of light and heat,
Your life-joys to complete.
These all have died that you might live ;
Yours now the high prerogative
To loose their long captivities,
And through these new activities
A wider life to give.

Kneel always when you light a fire !
Kneel reverently,
And grateful be
For God's unfailing charity !

The Sacrament of Work

UPON thy bended knees, thank God for
work,—

Work—once man's penance, now his high
reward !

For work to do, and strength to do the
work,

We thank Thee, Lord !

Since outcast Adam toiled to make a home,
The primal curse a blessing has become,
Man in his toil finds recompense for loss,
A workless world had known nor Christ
nor Cross.

Some toil for love, and some for simple
greed,
Some reap a harvest past their utmost
need,
More, in their less find truer happiness,
And all, in work, relief from bitterness.

A toiler with His hands was God's own Son ;
Like His, to Him be all thy work well
done.

None so forlorn as he that hath no work,
None so abject as he that work doth
shirk.

Upon thy bended knees, thank God for
work !

In workless days all ills and evils
lurk.

For work to do, and strength to do the
work,

We thank Thee, Lord !

The Sacrament of Sleep

THANK God for sleep !

And, when you cannot sleep,
Still thank Him that you live
To lie awake.

And pray Him, of His grace,
When He sees fit, sweet sleep to give,
That you may rise, with new-born eyes,
To look once more into His shining face.

In sleep,—limbs all loose-laxed and slipt
the chains—

We draw sweet-close to Him from whom
our breath

Has life. In His sole hands we leave
the reins,

In fullest faith trust Him for life or
death.

This sleep in life close kinsman is to
death ;

And, as from sleep we wake to greet the
day,

So, too, from death we shall with joy
awake

To greet the glories of the Great Essay.

To His belovèd healing sleep He gives,

And, unto all, awakening from sleep.

Each day is resurrection,—a new birth

To nearer heaven and re-created earth,—

To all Life's possibilities—of good

Or ill,—with joys and woes endued,—

Till that last, shortest sleep of all,

And that first great awakening from Life's
thrall.

Thank God for sleep !

And, when you cannot sleep,

Still thank Him for the grace

That lets you live

To feel the comfort of His soft embrace.

The Sacrament of Love

LOVE is the sacrament of sacraments ;

For God is Love, and Love is God ;

Who loves knows Him, and in Him all the
heights

And depths of those high rapturous
delights

Which for Love's soul are very soul of
life,
And through the troubled ways,—through
stress and strife,
Bear the soul upward to that final goal
Where Life and Love make one full-
rounded whole.

Love tints the grayest life with rose ;
Love kindles fires 'mid winter snows.

Love draws the fallen from his sin ;
Love helps the sinner grace to win.

Love lifts the fringes of the night ;
Love gifts the eyes of Faith with sight.

Love to all loveliness is kin ;
Love moulds all Life,—without,—within.

Love is the mightiest power on earth ;
Love to Eternal Hope gives birth.

Love—the Beginning and the End—
All life and death doth comprehend.

Love lived in Death upon the Tree ;
Love lives again, for you and me.

Love through eternity endures,
For God is Love,
And Love is God.

Thank God for Love,—His first,—then
yours !

For You and Me

SOME man has died out there to-day
For you and me,—
Died in heart-wracking agony, maybe,
For you and me.
So—of your charity
A prayer!—
A deep, abounding, all-sufficing prayer
For all his past,—his present,—and a
future fair
For him who died out there to-day,
For you and me.
And if your prayer transmute itself
To some good work for those he left
behind,
Their sense of loss, with yours of gain
entwined,
Shall make life fairer for you both,
For therein you shall find,
Both you and they, in very truth,
Riching of heart and mind.

Heroes' Wives

TO THE DEAR LITTLE WAR-WIDOWS ALL
THE WORLD OVER

BE worthy of your noble dead,
So shall your hearts be comforted!
They yielded all,—their lives, and you,
At Duty's call to dare and do;

Brave thought of them shall lift *your*
lives

To heights befitting heroes' wives,
Like them to answer Duty's call
And live the life heroical.

—Just wedded,—childless,—lonelier still
Than if you had not known the joys
Of God's sweet sacramental seal
Upon the union of your choice?—
—And on in front a long gray way
Without one single cheering ray?—
Dear Heart, your love is nearer now
Than when, that day, with solemn vow,
You did yourselves on each bestow,
And each with each did all endow,
For life or death, for good or ill,
As God should see most suitable.
Now he is near you, night and day,
His love shall tinge with rose the gray,
And—gracing time with goodly deed—
You shall at last reap your full meed
Of nobler joy, and find that pain
Will blossom into heavenly gain.

He is not lost who goes before,
But, standing in the Open Door,
He waits you there with outstretched
hands,
Love's dearest, best ambassador.

The Word that was not Said

(To those parents, the world over, through whose criminal neglect of the due and rightful instruction of their children in those simple matters of sex which so vitally affect their future welfare, the moral and physical substance of the race is being wasted—this word of warning.)

For lack of that due word,—

You sent him forth to face the deadly
strife

Which men call life,

Unarmed, unarmoured, unprepared for
fight,

And yet expected him to keep his
'scutcheon white !

Yours the reproach if he should miss the
way,

For you of your full duty failed him
mortally.

For lack of that due word,—

You sent her out unwarned of the sore
strait

That may await

The trustful maid untaught the world's
allure.

You trusted Fate her safety to assure,
Nor took the trouble to unseal her eyes
To the dim downward trend of life's high
mysteries.

For lack of that due word,—

They two have slipped and fallen into
sin.

They had kept clean

Had you your duty done and shown the
truth

Of Life's deep menace to untutored youth.

Now is the greater sin upon *your* head,

For you it was that left that saving word
unsaid.

A Little Te Deum for Womanhood

WE thank Thee, Lord, for Thy sweet
Heart of Grace

Revealed in womanhood in these black
days ;

For her high courage under bitter stress ;

For her new spheres of wondrous use-
fulness ;

For her heroic fortitude in loss ;

For her most patient bearing of her cross ;

For her high seizure of the times' dire
needs ;

For her sweet sum of self-denying deeds ;

For her self-adaptation to the claims

Of these new days ;—for the relinquished
aims

Which yet mature in unexpected guise
Through her success in nobler enterprise ;
For all the Christliness of gentle hands
Which soothe the passage of the running
sands ;
For grace of heart and life and winning
face,
To young lives broken in the fiery race ;
For all her ministry to days and nights
Of ceaseless pain that gnaws and saps
and blights ;
For that high soul of pure white woman-
hood
Which lifts man towards the Father-
Motherhood ;
For saintly lives whose days and nights
are prayer
For wayfarers awander in life's snare ;
For that White Fire of Love that welcomes
all,
And turns with quick response to every
call ;
For chivalry in woman as in man,
Whereof comes comradeship Saturnian ;
For every widening of her gracious
sphere ;
For her true instinct and her insight
clear ;
For that God - given wisdom of the
heart
That sees below and takes the sinner's
part ;

For all that woman has been,—is,—may
be ;

Heart-thanks and praise we render, Lord,
to Thee ;

For every strand in that sweet golden
cord ;

For every note in that sweet complex
chord ;—

*We thank Thee, thank Thee, thank
Thee, Lord !*

The Secret Place

EACH soul has its own secret place,
Where none may enter in,
Save it and God,—to them alone
What goeth on therein is known,—
To it and God alone.

And well for it if God be there,
And in supreme control ;
For every deed comes of a seed,
And lonely seed may evil breed
In any lonely soul.

But none, except of his own will,
Need ever lonely be ;
If he but quest, his Royal Guest
Will quick provide him with the best
Of all good Company.

My Guest

WITHIN my holy place
My Chiefest One is dwelling,
Not as a passing guest
But of His own houseling.
O, miracle of grace,
My whole heart's love compelling—
Within this tiny space
The Lord of All Good Life,
The Very Light of Life and Love
Is dwelling !
And now my happy tears
Have washed away my fears,
And, past all mortal telling,
Within my heart the tide of Love
To fullest flood is welling.

Praise be to Thee !
To Thee unending praise,
For all the glowing depth and height
Of these God-given days !
For Thy sweet grace
Which in this place
Doth time and space alike efface,
And, merging faith in heavenly sight,
Dares, with its inner mystic light,
To look upon Thy face.

The Vision

ONE took me up into a lofty place,
And opened windows that my soul should
see

Visions of this, and that, touched by His
grace—

Of that which was . . . and is . . . and
yet may be.

From the first lattice we looked out
Upon a boundless waste of night-black
sea,

So vast and void that my soul chilled
At its black misery.

That stark black empty darkness filled
Me with despair,—no smallest sign

Of life was there,

No ray of light to enlumine

The darkness saturnine.

Then, as I gazed,—far off,—

A pulse of light,—

A little throb of life, as when the dawn

First quickens in the womb of night,—

A tiny glow, scarce visible ;

But, as I watched, I saw it grow and
grow ;

And then,—within the glow,—

A Cross, upon a low dark hill,

Far-off and small, and yet my soul did
thrill

At sight of them ; for in that cross
Was Hope Invincible.

But, all about it and below,
Surged that vast sea of unrelieved woe,—
A grim wild welter of calamity,
A tumbling grave, a ceaseless misery,
Which rolled insurgent far as eye could
see

Thro' all the outer voids,—
A sink of bitterness and loss,
Whose sullen waves washed ever to and
fro

Beneath the Cross.

But, up above, the Cross did grow and
grow,

Till I could see its pulsing beams
Light with their radiant gleams
The nearer margin of the grim black
flow.

Then, to my searching eyes, the flood
disclosed

Strange things ;—

Each drop in that black tide had been
a man ;

Now, derelict, they lay beneath the
ban,

And went to form that sea demonian.

Among those myriad hecatombs of
dead,

Wore thrones and crowns,—and bodies of
dead kings,
And those they ruled, misruled, be-
trayed ;—
And perished empires, wasted and de-
cayed,—
And peoples long since passed,—
Their pomps and prides,—the treasures
they amassed,
Their monuments, their temples,—all
become
No more than spume upon that sea of
doom,
Like outcast offal on a shore of mud,
Flung to the void and harried by the
flood.
And when I turned in horror to my Guide,
His face was sad as sadly He replied,—
“ *The wrecks of Time,—the wreckage of
mankind.*
*The Cross was there, but man was
ever blind.*”

And still the Cross, above the weltering
flow,
Larger and brighter grew, and still did
grow
Until its head
Touched Heaven, and its wide arms
Embraced the earth. And the soft glow
Of its pure radiant glory shed

A sense of blessing, far and wide,
Across the horrors of the grim black tide.

And ever brighter grew the Cross, until
It seemed to dominate and fill
All space with its soft silent majesty,
And all the other worlds bent grave
 bright eyes,
Charged with untold solemnities,
Upon its sweet supremacy.
And all creation watched, with bated
 breath,
The Cross that grew, and growing, ever
 grew
Still fairer, stronger, and more purely
 bright,
Above that Sink of Death,
And sent its light
Wide-searching through the chambers of
 the night.

And now I saw, within each radiant beam,
A slender bridge that led from out the
 night,
From thence to there,
Across that seething gulf of black despair,
Unto the Light.
—Long, wavering bridges, very strait and
 slight,
Their swaying lengths upheld with an-
 xious care

By stalwarts who, in saintly servitude,
With courage rare, and noble fortitude,
Braved all the terrors of the fell black
flood,

And their great burdens did upbear
'Gainst all vicissitude.

And, as we gazed, my Guide said heart-
fully,—

"Narrow the Way

That leads from Dark to Light,—

From Night to Day;

Nor lacking foes,—nor dule, nor loss,

But that way is the only way,—

The High Way of the Cross."

And many travellers there were, who
pressed

Along those narrow ways,

In quest of God's sweet grace.

Backs to the night, and faces to the
light,

They travelled bare ;

There was no room upon those narrow
ways

For aught save life's necessities.

Some sought at first to bring

Their worldly gear, but soon did fling

It on the tide, nor more regarded it.

Some fell. I saw them lifted, carried on ;

And some I saw slip down

Into the tide and be o'erwhelmed. . . .

But ever, those great saintly servitors,

With courage rare and noble fortitude,
Upheld the narrow ways against the
flood
And all vicissitude.

Another lattice opened, and I saw
The earth spread wide below me ; and with
awe
I watched its myriad workers toiling there
With feverish haste and all-absorbing
care,
Each for himself, with scarce a thought
for aught
But his own gain and holding what he
got.
A grim ignoble scramble for the best
That earth could yield,—a frantic quest
Of wealth and pleasure, and the lower
things,
With no prevision of the reckonings
That time exacts when God's ways are
reversed,
And man, for his own gain, sets last
things first.
Life ran full swift, and garishly, and
hard,—
Each man and nation ever on the guard
Against aggression,
Each striving with his might to hold in
ward
His own hard-won possession.

The whole world worked, as did the men
of old,
Girt with their arms, their safety to
uphold,—
Quick to resent infringement of their
rights,
Yet suffering patiently gross parasites
Who batted on the first-fruits of their
toil
And found their own occasion in turmoil.
And Faith and Hope and Love, with
sorrowing eyes,
In exile grieved o'er man's disloyalties.
A cloud surcharged with evil overhung
The toilsome earth,
And over all its gloomy shadow flung.
And there, in the shadow, very far away,
The Cross stood—dimmed, and fallen on
decay.
Some still indeed turned to it in their
need,
But, for the most part, it had little heed.
For man, bowed down to earth beneath
his load,
Turned but a stubborn back towards his
God.

Then—in a flash—like sudden summer
storm,—
Earth was at war, and every land aswarm
With legions hurrying to the fight. The
clash

Of arms resounded everywhere. The
crash
And thunder of it bellowed through the
skies,
Stabbed with the wailing agonies and
cries
Of the poor victims in the fiery net,
Writhing in all the torments of man's hate.
And the foul reek of it did overshadow
All life and heaven itself with its fell
cloud.

The Cross was dim and very far away,
Man had dispensed him of its gentle sway.
The Sea of Doom, with its despairing
gloom,
Was not so terrible as this
Foul Stygian abyss,
Aflame with vicious fires and thund'rous
hate,
Where Life its high estate did abdicate,
And on its altars all degenerate
Its Saviour once again did immolate.
For there was Death with yet a gleam of
life,
And here was life with Life in deadly
strife.

I turned in horror to my Guide :—
“After two thousand years”
No word He spoke.

He bowed His head, and sighed,—
A sigh more eloquent
Than all the words e'er spoken,
The sigh of One whose heart once
broke

O'er man impenitent,
And now again was broken.
Great drops of blood were on His
brow,

His fair white robe with blood was
red,

His hands were bleeding and His feet;
At this defeat the old wounds bled,
And yet . . .

His love was undiminished.
Once more He drank the bitter cup,—
Once more the hyssop and the gall;
Yet, in His agony, His eyes
Were all majestic.

He turned—with mien inscrutable,—
Anguish and expectation strangely blent
With Hope, and all with Love omni-
potent,

And yet His face was very sorrowful.
“*Wouldst thou see that which is to be?*”
He said.

“Yea, Lord!” I answered eagerly.
And at the word He to a farther lattice
led,

And turned and looked me through and
through
Before He openèd,
Then flung it wide,
And, side by side,
We stood and gazed upon a wondrous
scene,
A scene of Perfect Peace,—an earth
swept clean
Of all that did the former earth demean,—
Of war, warmakers, every smallest thing
That by its subtle cozening
Kept Life at odds and ever on the jar,
And set a bar
'Twixt man and man, and so 'twixt man
and God.
Gone were the old dishonesties, the
lies,
Ill-faiths, and lack of faith, warped sym-
pathies,
And drink, and vice,—the immoralities
That sapped Life at the fount, and left
it all
Emasculate and weakened to its fall.
Now, freed at last from War, and War's
alarms,
Man walked erect, uncrushed by weight
of arms,
And lived, as God intended him, at
peace,
To Life's enrichment and his soul's
increase.

Earth smiled and blossomed as she ne'er
had done

Since out of chaos her first state was
won ;

And, striving now in peace as once in
war,

The peoples lived full lives as ne'er before.

Now, in a clear blue sky a clear sun
shone ;

Gone all the loathsome reek and smoke
that hide

War's tragedies and infamies, and gone
Each smallest sign of that old life that
died

When last the world its Saviour crucified.
From all the earth a hum of sweet content
Rose up to heaven in ceaseless sacrament.
The air was sweet with singing birds and
praise,—

No man was weary,—all too short the
days

For all the joys life held,
And from the whole wide world there
swelled

Pæans of joy for Life's redeemèd ways.
And there on high, in blazing splendour
set,

The Cross triumphant stood, with nought
to let

The wonder and the glory of its might,
Nor stay man of its respite infinite.

"Now God be praised!" I cried, with
vital joy,

At sight of earth on such benign employ.
But He spoke not. . . . Nor did His face
Show any lightening of His soul's distress.
One yearning look, which burned, and
burned, and burned,

And then, reluctantly, He turned,
And, still reluctant, opened wide
Another lattice. . . .

. . . Like a blast from hell
Came up the stench execrable,
The reek and stench of war I knew so
well.

Backward I drew in uttermost amaze,
Then bent, with curdled heart, to gaze,
and gaze.

Earth was at war again,—

More hatefully at war than e'er before.

Horror on horror piled; for now, no
more

Right fought with Ill, Life's true life to
restore,

But everywhere, throughout the whole
wide world,

Kingdoms and empires from their seats
were hurled,

Nation with nation fought for greed of
gain,

For place, for headship,—as of old fought
Cain.

And worse,—to profit by the mad world-
strife

Factions within devoured each nation's life,
Death and destruction swept the bare
earth bare,

Life was a horror of untold despair.

God's Truce had broken in the hand of
man,

And earth once more lay cursed beneath
the ban.

The very heavens were hidden by the reek;
The Cross was hid, . . . and there was
none to seek.

This way—or that, I saw must be
The outcome of earth's latest tragedy.

"Lord—which?" I cried, in mortal
agony.

And He,—

"It rests with you, and with your kind.

The Cross is there;

Who seeks can find;

*Yea, he who seeks shall of a surety
find . . .*

But man is blind,

Is blind . . . is blind . . . is blind."

: : : : : : : :
: : : : : : : :

See now, my brothers,—

One and all

We met The Call

With hearts unbreakable,

And bore the brunt
Of woes unspeakable.

But—on in front—

Just on in front—

Lie depths of horror and distress,

Foul pits of utter ugliness,

Of misery and wretchedness,

Beyond the power of man to express,—

Unless!

. Unless!—

One only way there is by which this load
Of coming ill may yet be turned to
good,—

One—only—way,—

Come back to God!

No laws, no cleverness, no statesman-
ship

Of man can save the world and with new
life equip;

One Power alone,—*Come back to God,*

And His allegiance own!

Cast out the evils that our souls debased!
Cleanse out Life's temple! Sweep it clean
and chaste!

Let His fair image be no more defaced!—

Come back to God!

God is not mocked . . .

Yet have we spurned and scorned and
flouted Him,

Yea, we have sorely grieved and doubted
Him ;—

And that way lies sure death.

Come back to God !

Come back to God !—

The only road by which the coming ill
May yet be turned to good,—

Come back to God !

Come back to God !

Grace Robes

If my sweet thought could texture take,
And of its best your vesture make,

How fair would be your robing !

Of summer cloud and heaven's own blue,
Inwove with every rainbow hue,
And sprinkled thick with diamond dew ;—
That is the robe I'd weave for you,

And fair would be your robing !

But you for your own self do weave
Robes nobler than I can conceive,—

How wondrous fair your robing !

Of gracious deed and noble thought,
Of battles for the fallen fought,
Of hope to faltering footsteps brought,
New ways to wandering sinners taught ;—
All these your wondrous robes have
wrought,

And fair indeed your robing !

The High Call

[With a violin-bow, a tuning-fork, and a flame of hydrogen, a very beautiful experiment is performed. The passage of the bow over the tuning-fork evokes a note of high frequency, the vibrations of which, travelling through the air, cause the flame to leap responsively and burn more brilliantly,—a symbolic case of perfect sympathy.]

IN the dim dawn—

When, through the still dark sky,
God's mighty voice rang out—"Let—
there—be—Light!"

Swift at the word, from out the womb of
night,

Sprang forth the Sun's all glorious
majesty,

Blazing with splendour bright.

So the thrilled flame

Answers the music's call,

And leaps and burns with sudden new-
born fire ;

So flames the soul, when Love, the
Glorifier,

Lifts it on wings of joys celestial

To heavens of high desire.

As that pure light
Leaps to the quickening sound,
The soul chivalrous leaps to heaven aflame,
When, at white heat, *his* virgin soul can
claim
That with *her* love his life's high need
hath found
Its royal diadem.

Neighbours

For three long years we all have gone,
Close neighbouring with Death.
And such a mate were weight too great
If we had walked alone.
But, to us, in our low estate,
Came Great-Heart Hope, and True-Heart
Faith,
And Love upon her throne :
And never will these three disown
The simple souls that cling to them,
And claim them as their own,
For Love, the Queen, is queen of all,
And ever answers every call
Of every troubled soul.
Her touch is ecumenical ;
She makes the broken whole.

The Days

THE Days steal softly through the Cur-
tained Door,

One at a time the Warder lets,—no more,
Each with his gifts close-veiled from
human sight,

And lays them at my feet upon the floor ;

Then waits, while I discover what he
brought,

Great things and small, with good and
evil fraught,

And watches quietly while I make play,
For good or ill,—and all too oft for nought.

And while he waits I deck him as I
will,

And whiles it is well done, and whiles
but ill ;

Nought any wears but what my will has
wrought,

And what I do is all unchangeable.

Each bears a scroll and quick inscribes
thereon

All that I do,—the more I leave undone ;
Till, when Night beckons from his door,
they pass,

And leave me for a little space alone.

But each, ere passing through Night's
shadowy door,
Strips off his robes and leaves them on
the floor ;
Each Day goes naked, bearing but his
scroll,
And what he leaves is added to my store.
He passes through the Portal of the
Night,
But that he leaves lies ever in our sight—
God's sight and mine,—and some is gray,
some black,
And some, by God's sweet grace, is almost
white.
So speeds the great procession of the
Days,
Too fast, too slow, but nought its progress
stays ;
Each gives me back that which I first
have given,
But what each takes my endless future
sways.

Father-Motherhood

O WONDROUS Father-Motherhood—
Great Dual Nature !
We bless Thee that therein we find,
With joyful soul and grateful mind,
Thy fullest stature !

The Key

THE Cross of Calvary
Was verily The Key
By which our Brother Christ
Unlocked The Door
Of Immortality
To you and me ;
And, passing through Himself before,
He set it wide
For evermore,
That we, by His grace justified,
And by His great love fortified,
Might enter in all fearlessly,
And dwell for ever by His side.

The Cross of Death
Became the Key of Life ;
So now—this purge of fiery wrath,
This woful fratricidal strife,
May leave along The Reaper's path
A sweet and precious aftermath
Of Hope, born of a new-born Faith,
Of Life re-born of Death.

His Dwelling-Place

HE loves to dwell
In the spotless cell
Of the Little White House of Bread.
But dearer still
He loves to fill
The soul of a spotless maid.

3—GOD—AM!

EVIL triumphant everywhere,
Thy world debased ;
Life's lowest passions, stark and bare,
Laying Life waste ;
What can our hearts, Lord, but despair,—
 *" Be still !—and know
 That I—GOD—AM ! "*

Good of the ages in the fire,
And none to save ;
Thy world a world-wide funeral pyre,
A mighty grave ;
Christ trampled down into the mire,—
 *" Be still !—and know
 That I—GOD—AM ! "*

Might's ruthless grip upon the days,
Love beaten prone ;
Greed stalking rampant through the
ways,
Hope well-nigh gone ;
Untruth that all Thy Truth betrays,—
 *" Be still !—and know
 That I—GOD—AM ! "*

Fret not your souls with vain despair,
I see it all.
In this foul crime had you no share ?
I know it all.
Strive now your failure to repair !
Both you and they who wove the snare

Must come to know
That I—GOD—AM !

Know this,—I . . . AM !
As I have been,—I AM—I so shall be,—
Lord of all life through all eternity.
I all things made. I all things know and
see,
And that I made I can at will unmake,
But—for man's sake
Still hopefully I wait.

Man, that he might attain his fullest
state,
I dowered with free-will—
The will to choose his way for good or
ill.
As I worked out Creation, so must he
Work out his own immortal destiny.
But—if he fail, and still to sin doth
tend,
Then must I intervene and make an
end,—
An end—and a beginning,—
A better world for this world set on
sinning.

Dimpsey on the Moor

Up along, down along, all along the Moor,
The lambs to their mothers are calling,
The lorn lambs, the shorn dams, are
crying and calling,

The lambs and their mothers are crying
and calling,

The lambs to their mothers are calling . . .
are calling

Are calling are calling
are calling.

Up aloft, all aloft, all along the Moor,
The curlews are flying and crying,
The curlews are flying and plaintively
crying,

While down in the West there the day-
light is dying,—

Is dying . . . is dying . . . in glories
untold

Of rose-lucent amber and blue-green and
gold,—

While the curlews their vespers are
crying ;

—Such glories untold may our rapt eyes
behold

When the wonders of Heaven through
the Gates are unrolled,

And, for ever earth's trammels and fetters
defying,

We come to full living through dying.

And up along, down along, all along the
Moor,
The dimpsey is falling . . . is falling . . .
Like God's Holy Spirit the dimpsey is
falling,
From the cope of the dimpsey the night-
dew is falling,
The drought and the dearth of the day
to allay ;
Like a sweet benediction the night-dew
is falling
On the heat and the thirst of the day.

Up along, down along, all along the Moor,
The dimpsey new grace is revealing ;
Up the combes and the hillsides the gray
ghosts are stealing,
In the folds of their night-robcs the
lowlands concealing ;
The curlews are wheeling and flying and
crying,
Away in the West there the daylight is
dying ;—
God's peace all the Moor in glamour is
empalling,
The lambs and their mothers have ceased
from their calling,
And night like a blessing is falling . . . is
falling,
Like a kiss from God's lips night is
falling . . . is falling,
On the slumberous face of the Moor.

God's peace is enfolding the Moor in His
pure
Benedictory grace and glamour,
And under His sure and most sweet
coverture
His creatures lie safe, and His creatures
lie sure,—
All His creatures lie safe and secure.

*Lord,
We pray that we may
All the ills of the day
Of Thy grace be forgiven,
Of Thy mercy be shriven,
And in Thy good time
Find Thy heaven!*

Why?

WITH what intent
Was this grim sorrow sent?—
What meaning lies in such dread sacrifice?
Of a surety it is meant
To teach us this,—
That man, however fallen, still may rise,
If he repent,
Through sacrifice
To sacrament.
But—till he thereunto attain,
All sacrifice is made in vain.
Forced sacrifice no virtue wins,
Nor healeth any of his sins.

Natalicia¹

["Natalicia" and "Natalis" were the terms used in ancient times to signify and dignify the Death Days of the Martyrs, which their friends bravely and hopefully regarded as but their Birth Days into the Higher Life. And, year by year, as the days came round, those dearest to them kept as sacred festivals these anniversaries of their translation. So now, amongst ourselves, in these sad days, there are few who have not similar High Birthdays to commemorate. Let us do it with as brave and hopeful a faith as did the men of old !]

I

Your Birth-Day! Just twelve months
ago it ended,—

Your bright young life and all our hopes
in you;

But then began for you the Vision
Splendid—

New life, new work, new powers,—all
things made new.

Ours all the loss, and yours the well-
earned guerdon ;

Not ours to mourn you in your high estate.
Mourn!—at our loved one's dropping
of his burden!

Mourn!—for a soul with Christ eman-
cipate!

¹ By urgent request the above two sets of verses are reprinted on plain white cards, and may be obtained from Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd., price 1s. per dozen each set.

Rather, we thank God for His generous
giving;
Each gracious thing in you we call to
mind;
We will not think of you as dead, but
living,
Living for ever in our love enshrined.

II

Twelve months ago this day, you passed
To that high place God willed for you,
To that new work He called you to,
And life for us was overcast.

But when we think upon your joy
We cannot wish you back again,
We recognise the higher gain
To you in such divine employ.

Our love upreaches through the vails
To grace you in your high estate,
As daily we commemorate
Our joy in you that never fails.

We feel you nearer now than when,
Still with us, you were far away,
Nor did we know from day to day
If we should see your face again.

So now, for your fine loyalty
Unceasing thanks and praise we give;
Who dies for Him shall ever live,
Who lives for Him shall never die.

Life—and Life

A BUBBLE on a rain-splashed stream,—
Come—gone ;
A troubled sleep, a broken dream,—
Soon flown ;
A passing cloud, a fleeting gleam,—
Wind-blown,
Is man's life here ;—
In terms of God's eternity
A short diurnity.

But there—
Beyond the golden vail,
West of the shining sunset trail,
What joys are his,—
What solving of all mysteries,
What mighty glories of release,
What wonders of the soul's increase,
What ecstasies of untold bliss,
Through all eternity are his !

'Tis surely meeter far, and sweeter
To consider these
Than in despairing mood to brood
On Life's gray mysteries.
For no amount of brooding will
One moment stay the mighty wheel
Which, God's great purpose to fulfil,
Turns on, and on, and on, until—
He makes an end.

Then, with clear eyes, we shall look
back

Along the rough and tortuous track,
And from the shining sunset crest
Where we at last have found His rest,
Shall say,—

*“ We wandered long and wilfully,
We could not see, we would not see ;
But now we thank Him gratefully,
His way was best ; His way was best.”*

Live Christ !

LIVE Christ !—and though thy way
may be

In this world's sight adversity,
He who doth heed thy every need
Shall give thy soul prosperity.

Live Christ !—and though thy path may
be

The narrow street of poverty,
He had not where to lay His head
Yet lived in largest liberty.

Live Christ !—and though thy road
may be

The strait way of humility,
He who first trod that way of God
Will clothe thee with His dignity.

Live Christ !—and though thy life may
be

In much a valedictory,
The heavy cross brings seeming loss
But wins the crown of victory.

Live Christ !—and all thy life shall be
A High Way of Delivery,—
A Royal Road of goodly deeds,
Gold-paved with sweetest charity.

Live Christ !—and all thy life shall be
A sweet uplifting ministry,
A sowing of the fair white seeds
That fruit through all eternity

Break Down the Walls

BREAK down the old dividing walls
Of sect, and rivalry, and schism,
And heal the body of Thy Christ
With anoint of Thy chrism !

Let the strong wind of Thy sweet grace
Sweep through Thy cumbered house, and
chase

The miasms from the Holy Place !

Let Thy white beam of light beat in,
And from each darkest corner win
The shadows that have sheltered sin !

Cleanse it of shibboleths and strife,
End all the discords that were rife,
Heal the old wounds and give new life !

Break down the hedges that have grown
So thickly all about Thy throne,
And clear the paths, that every soul
That seeks Thee—of himself alone
May find, and be made whole !—

One church, one all harmonious voice,
One passion for Thy High Employs,
One heart of gold without alloys,
One striving for the higher joys,
One Christ, one Cross, one only Lord,
One living of the Living Word.

“To Men of Good-Will— Peace!”

THE world was dark when the angels
came,—

Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !
The birth of the New Time to proclaim ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

“To men of good-will—Peace !” Earth’s
night

Blazed suddenly with heavenly light ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

The shadows of the past were riven
By that sweet effluence from heaven ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

'Twas in the depth of deepest dark,
That came to fruit this mighty work ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

The shepherds left their all, and sped
By lonely ways to the lowly shed ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

They did not wait, nor did delay,
Till they found the place where the
Saviour lay ;—
Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !

Two thousand years have passed since
then,—

They crucified the Christ—the King.
And earth still bears the curse of Cain,
And crucifies the Christ—its King.

“ To men of good-will—Peace ! ” Ah,
yes !

But who would peace must grace possess ;—
Nor crucify the Christ—their King.

The earth is dark and full of pain ;
Shall the heavenly Vision come again,—
*While we crucify the Christ—our
King ?*

The world has slipped away from Him ;
Our fealty is warped and dim ;—

We crucify the Christ—the King.

Who would have peace must never cease
To labour for His high increase,—

And crucify no more their King.

Forsaking every smaller way,
Seek only His supremacy,

*And crown Him . . . Christ . . . the
King !*

Where Christ is Born Again

WHEREVER one repenting soul
Prays, in its agonies of pain,
By God's sweet grace to be made whole,—
There, Christ is born again.

Wherever—bond of ancient thrall—
A strong soul bursts its shackling chain,
And upward strains to meet the Call,—
There, Christ is born again.

Wherever vision of the Light
Disturbs the sleeping souls of men,
Night trails away its shadowy flight,—
And Christ is born again.

Wherever soul in travail turns,
And climbs the barriers that constrain,
With steady cheer Hope's sweet lamp
burns,—

And Christ is born again.

Where one foul thing is purged away,
And Life delivered of one stain,
Love rims with gold the coming day,—

And Christ is born again.

Fair Raiment

O THAT my prayers could raiment you in
splendour,—

Heaven's mystic grace soft-spun to golden
haze,

Gemmed with the radiant jewels of the
tender

God-given memories of glad, good days !

O that my love could clothe you with the
glory

Of its own vision of your loveliness,
Fined and refined with touch absòlutory,
Wove and inwove with eucharistic grace !

O that my joy could clothe you with the
wonder

Of its own joyfulness in that you are !
What though our paths lie as the poles
asunder,

I can thank God and worship from afar.

O that my hope could clothe you in its
glowing
All-radiant faith in that which yet shall
be,
When, with a gladness beyond mortal
knowing,
Love claims its crown of immortality.

Demos is in the Saddle

DEMOS is in the saddle ;
Look him fair and square in the face ;
He has padded so long in the gutter,
Now he claims a more equal place.

And the sooner we accept it,
And admit his right to be there,
And treat him as brother and equal,
The better the world will fare.

The walls of division are falling ;
Beware how you prop them up !—
For Demos is in the saddle,
And he carries the world on the crup.

Return!

WE pray—

*“ Lord Christ, come down again,
And dwell with us, the sons of
men ! ”*

Yet why ?

Not for His coming need we pray,
Since He is with us, night and day ;
Closer than breath, than life, than death,
Our Lord is here,—
Is waiting, waiting, sad and lonely,
Waiting ever, waiting only
Till, with vision clear,
We shall forsake our devious ways,
And come in from the wilderness
To claim His proffered grace.

See Him—sad and lonely, waiting—
For our coming only waiting—
While, with wilful heart, we still
Go wandering down the flowery ways,
And seek our good in every place
Save where is righteousness ;
And still elect the lower part,
Lest our own lower selves we thwart
And make our pleasures less.

Yes,—surely Christ is with us now
As truly as when, long ago,
He put aside His high estate,
And lived man's life below,

And, dying, left His proxy meet,—
His fuller Self, His Comfort Sweet,—
His Advocate, the Paraclete,
To make His Love complete.

Not—" *God to man*

Return ! "

But—" *Man to God*

Return ! "—

Is man's one need to-day.

O, sons of men, and sons of God,

The Son of Man, the Son of God

Stands waiting for you in the Way ;—

Heart, life, and soul,

He claims you whole,—

To-Day,—To-Day,—To-Day !

Return ! Return !

To Him again,

Ye sons of men,

Return !

*To Him Who grace alone
can give,—*

*To Him through Whom alone
we live,—*

Return ! Return !

Love Casts out Fear

LOVE

Casts out Fear

Like a pestilent garment,

For Fear is a torment

Which worketh sore ferment

In Life's noble cheer.

Bare before God

Stands the Love that abideth.

Love at its best

Stands the test, undistressed,

And nought hideth ;

For Love in Love's honour confideth.

Yea, Love at the full

Gives its all,

Nor withholdeth

Its best in the giving ;

And in its receiving

Takes all that is given

As good gift of heaven.

For God, The All-Giver,

Loves Love's greatest giving,

Nor ever withholdeth

From happy receiver,

And happier giver,

The Crown of Love's all

In His joys mystical.

Only a Stretcher-Bearer

TO K. J. W. OF SYDNEY, N.S.W., AND
ALL HIS FELLOWS

[*"If I had a hundred Victoria Crosses to distribute, every one of them should go to the stretcher-bearers."*—GENERAL BIRDWOOD.]

ONLY a stretcher-bearer !

Only !——

But his life was high,
And higher still his death.
His loyalty and perfect faith
Did his Great Captain magnify,
And his high death
Was more heroical
Than the most stoical
Of fighting-men's ;
For, like the Christ, he gave
His life men's lives to save.

He had a passion for life-saving,
An all-unquenchable craving
That no most murderous fire
Could check, no labours tire.

Out there between the lines
He toiled unceasingly,
Sorting the living from the dead,
Nor ever stayed
To count the risks that round him
played ;

Enough for him that broken men lay there,
Needing his care ;
To succour them, he for himself
No thought did spare.

How many owed their lives to him
No man shall tell.
Over the top, in the half-light dim,
Into the fiery hell,
Unsent, he went,
Seeking them there,
And, to the depths of their despair,
Came like an answered prayer.

Then, when his own call came,
He passed, with heart aflame,
To claim the full and meet reward
Of one who, both in life and death,
Had served his Lord.

Giver of All Good

THOU art the Giver of All Good,
Thou—Thou alone.

'Tis man himself brings ill.
If he had willed to do Thy will,
He now had stood unconquerable
Instead of lying prone
Beneath the grinding heel
Of the Unknown.

Lord, turn us from our self-wrought ill
And set us bravely to fulfil
Thy Will alone !

Cain !

THE mark of Cain is on your brow ;—

Of your own will you set it there.

The curse of Cain is in your heart ;—

Your own will did beget it there.

The brand of Cain is on your soul ;—

Nor can the world forget it there.

To gain your own vile ends,—you made
this strife ;

But all in vain,—

Peace comes again !

To suit your own vile ends,—you murdered
Truth ;

But all in vain,—

Truth lives again !

To aid your own vile ends,—you murdered
Life ;

But all in vain,—

Life lives again !

To speed your own vile ends,—you
murdered Youth ;

But all in vain,—

Youth lives again !

But Life shall ne'er clasp hands with you
again,

Until your soul be purged of this foul
stain.

My Treasure

TREASURE I sought
Over land and sea,
And dearly I bought
Prosperity.
But nought that I gained,
On land or sea,
Brought ever a lasting good to me.

Pleasure I sought
Over sea and land,
And snatched at life
With eager hand.
But nought that I found,
On land or sea,
Brought ever a lasting joy to me.

For treasure of earth
Is fleeting gain,
And Pleasure is but
A mask for pain.
Life asketh more,
And ever stands,
With outstretched hands by an open-
ing door.

And then at last,
My wanderings o'er,
All that I sought,
And God's good more,

Lay waiting for me
 At my own door,—
 Yea, more than I sought was at my
 door.

He let me scour
 The world, to show
His Love and Power
 Must all bestow.
 All mine own strivings
 Had brought me nought ;
 He gave me more than all I had
 sought.

Salvage

In these dread times,
 Each day we pass unscathed
 Is one day snatched from sorrow.
 Help us to live full-faithed,
 Nor stoop ourselves to borrow
 From a possible to-morrow
 That which may never be ;
 But, if it be,
 Is still ordained of Thee, that we
 May learn to rise
 Through sacrifice
 To nobler ministry.

So Little and so Much

IN that I have so greatly failed Thee,
Lord,

Have grace !

And in Thy outer courts deny me not
A place !

So little of fair work for Thee have I
To show ;

So much of what I might have done, I did
Not do.

Yet Thou hast seen in me at times the will
For good,

Although so oft I did not do all that
I would.

Thou knowest me through and through,
and yet Thou canst

Forgive.

Only in hope of Thy redeeming grace
I live.

Some Little Whiles

BUT a little while

And I was not here ;

But a little while

And I no more am here ;

So, for the little while

That I am here,—

Help me, O Lord,
In true accord
With Thee to live,
That so I may
Upon that day
Fair reckoning give,
And joyfully
Receive from Thee
The crown of immortality.

Life and Death

DEATH preys on Life,
And Life on Death doth live.
For without death
No creature that draws breath
Could live.
Strange paradox, and thought
provocative,
That Life must live by death,—
That without death
Life cannot live,—
That Christ Himself,
The Lord of Life,
His life did give
That we might live.

Benediction

MAY the Grace of Christ enfold you,
Now and evermore !

May the Love of God uphold you,
Now and evermore !

May the Holy Spirit hold you
In communion, close and sweet,
With Himself, the Paraclete,
Now and evermore !

May the Three in One withhold you
From each smallest thing unmeet,
From all sorrow of defeat,
Crown you with Their joy complete,
Now and evermore !

May They gift you helpfulness
To your fellows in distress,
And the greatness to possess
Your high soul in joyfulness ;
So, in all things, may They bless
You for evermore !

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